

WEEKLY RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Size of space	One week	Two weeks	Three weeks	Four weeks	One month	Two months	Three months	Four months	Five months	Six months	Seven months	Eight months	Nine months	One year
10 lines	1.00	1.75	2.50	3.25	4.00	7.00	12.00	17.00	22.00	27.00	32.00	37.00	42.00	47.00
11 lines	1.10	1.95	2.75	3.50	4.25	7.50	12.50	17.50	22.50	27.50	32.50	37.50	42.50	47.50
12 lines	1.20	2.10	2.90	3.65	4.40	8.00	13.00	18.00	23.00	28.00	33.00	38.00	43.00	48.00
13 lines	1.30	2.25	3.05	3.80	4.55	8.50	13.50	18.50	23.50	28.50	33.50	38.50	43.50	48.50
14 lines	1.40	2.35	3.15	3.90	4.65	9.00	14.00	19.00	24.00	29.00	34.00	39.00	44.00	49.00
15 lines	1.50	2.45	3.25	4.00	4.75	9.50	14.50	19.50	24.50	29.50	34.50	39.50	44.50	49.50
16 lines	1.60	2.55	3.35	4.10	4.85	10.00	15.00	20.00	25.00	30.00	35.00	40.00	45.00	50.00
17 lines	1.70	2.65	3.45	4.20	4.95	10.50	15.50	20.50	25.50	30.50	35.50	40.50	45.50	50.50
18 lines	1.80	2.75	3.55	4.30	5.05	11.00	16.00	21.00	26.00	31.00	36.00	41.00	46.00	51.00
19 lines	1.90	2.85	3.65	4.40	5.15	11.50	16.50	21.50	26.50	31.50	36.50	41.50	46.50	51.50
20 lines	2.00	2.95	3.75	4.50	5.25	12.00	17.00	22.00	27.00	32.00	37.00	42.00	47.00	52.00

County and City Directory

COUNTY OFFICERS.
 Circuit Judge, Hon. R. B. Stanton.
 County Clerk, George T. Hall.
 County Judge, Hon. J. K. Sumner.
 County Clerk, George W. Salsar.
 County Attorney, Wm. S. Frank.
 Sheriff, E. M. Weeden.
 Jailor, John Grant.
 Coroner, M. T. Crockett.
 Circuit Court convenes, spring term, first Monday in April; fall term, first Monday in October.
 County Court convenes second Monday in every month.
 Quarterly Court convenes second Monday in March, June, September and December.

CITY OFFICERS.
 Mayor, William P. Coates.
 Marshal, Henry Johnson.
 Deputy Marshal, J. M. Luman.
 Clerk, Will. T. Payne.
 Treasurer, B. A. Wallisford.
 Assessor, J. L. Hays.
 Collector, Chas. H. Frank.
 Firewarden, J. H. Hays.
 Ward and Coal Inspector, Wm. Davis.
 Market Master, Wm. Edwards.
 Alms House Keeper, Wm. Miller.
 City Undertakers, Stone & Collins.

MEMBERS CITY COUNCIL.
 President, Robert A. Cochran.
 First Ward—S. M. Howe.
 Second Ward—Dr. G. W. Martin.
 Third Ward—J. A. Cochran.
 Fourth Ward—Dr. J. M. Drake.
 Fifth Ward—W. W. Pike.
 Sixth Ward—J. H. Hall.
 Wm. Ireland.

MAYOR'S DIRECTORY.
 Mayor's Office, No. 10, Knights' Temple.
 Stated Convention, 4th Monday in each month.
 J. B. Gibson, Recorder.
 Mayor's Office, No. 30, Stated Communications, Tuesday after the 1st Monday in March, June, September and December.
 J. B. Gibson, Recorder.
 Mayor's Office, No. 30, Stated Communications, 1st Monday in each month.
 J. B. Gibson, Recorder.
 Mayor's Office, No. 30, Stated Communications, 1st Monday in each month.
 J. B. Gibson, Recorder.
 Mayor's Office, No. 30, Stated Communications, 1st Monday in each month.
 J. B. Gibson, Recorder.

THE WEEKLY MAYSVILLE EAGLE.

VOLUME LI. MAYSVILLE, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1869. NUMBER 17.

DRY GOODS & C.
CHEAP TABLES!

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FOR FANCY JOB PRINTING
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1869.
PAPER HANGINGS
1869.
WINDOW SHADES.

1869.
WINDOW SHADES.

1869.
WINDOW SHADES.

1869.
WINDOW SHADES.

1869.
WINDOW SHADES.

THE LAKE.
 Must we ever seek some newer clime,
 Return we cannot, may we not delay,
 Or anchor on the shoreless sea of time,
 E'en for a day?

Last year she sat beside me on this stone,
 And whisper'd we would look again on these:
 See now, sweet Lake, but ask not why, alone,
 Nor where she sits!

Such was the murmur, near your rocky caves,
 The sudden cliff so distant, and the bay,
 While the light from that rippled off thy waves,
 Fell on her feet.

O'er eve, dost thou remember? silence bore
 Such absolute rest that sound had ceased to be,
 But for the measured cadence of an oar
 Plashing on the sea.

Sudden a sound, more sweet than mortal, broke
 The sleep of Echo in her lonely cell.
 Ah! how I treasured as the Siren spoke,
 Each word that fell!

"Time, stay thy speed, a little stay,
 To let us taste the joys you bring;
 Do not each moment break away
 Some pleasure with your wing."

Where narrow pines or labor delfs,
 Oh, there in mercy, linger not,
 But leave the happy to themselves,
 Forgetting and forgot.

In vain, in vain! Time seems in scorn
 More rapidly to urge his flight;
 Sweet night, endure! And let the morn
 Already dawn its light.

Oh, let us, then, in more despair
 Of holding him, with his press on,
 And love the more intensely, ere
 The hour for love be gone."

Too jealous Power, must that enchanting cup
 From which the draughts of love and pleasure
 Fall all at once, and will't thou ne'er dry up
 The urn of love?

Is there no charm to fix one happy hour?
 'Twas heard but now, and will't he be no more?
 Dost thou, scarce granting e'er he takes the
 dower,
 Never restore?

Thou past Eternity, thou dark abyss,
 The years by thee engulfed, oh, where are
 they?

Give back, give back the youth, the bounding
 bliss,
 Lorne far away!

Lo! lake, mute rocks, grottoes, and waving
 grass,
 When time spares, or wastes, but to renew,
 Eternal be the memory of our loves,
 At least with you!

Keep it, dear lake! both in the calm and storm,
 In e'er varied aspect of thy shores;
 In these dark pines, in your rock's rugged form
 That breathe of e'er.

Threatening thy beauty; on the light warm gale
 That wafts the soft smiles, in e'er's sound
 That Echo waits o'er thee while moonbeams pale
 Hallow all round.

Let the soft-whispering rose, the morn'ring wind,
 Breathing her name, the bird that fits above,
 All, all that through the senses wakes the mind,
 Record our love!

From the French of Lamartine.

Six Inches of Steel.
 (From Chambers' Journal.)
 Years ago—how long I need not tell—I
 wished to learn the two prominent accom-
 plishments of a gentleman of that day, fencing
 and dancing. A friend gave me the address of
 a tenant of his in Russell square, a French re-
 gent, who taught these arts. One afternoon
 I called and asked was M. Jacques at home.
 A stout, hearty-looking English girl opened
 the door, and replied that the old gentleman
 was in, would I "come in here?" "Here"
 was a small room on the right of the pas-
 sage.

The heavy slipshod feet toiled up the stone
 staircase; I heard a door half opened, and
 the murmuring of voices, and then the slipshod
 feet toiled slowly up another flight, and a firm
 yet light tread descending told me that M.
 Jacques was coming.

The door opened, and a tall, white-haired,
 soldier-like figure entered the room; and the
 keen eyes swallowed me and my belongings
 at a glance.

"Good day, sir. You are English, but do
 you speak French?"
 "Ah, yes, a very, very little; let us, then,
 talk in your tongue till by and by."
 Clearly I did not speak French well, in M.
 Jacques' opinion.

"You desire me for what?"
 "My friend, Mr. Wilson—"
 "Ah! your friend—he is a very good man
 a gracious man; yes."
 "He stated that you teach fencing and
 dancing."
 "Yes, that is true; I can teach fencing and
 dancing. Is it for that you want me?"
 "It is. I desire to learn both accomplish-
 ments as soon as possible."
 "Good; that is well; I like your energy.
 When will you begin?"
 "Now, if it suits you."
 "Quite so. I am at your service."
 "But you have not mentioned the terms."
 "Terms?"
 "Yes. How much shall I have to pay?"
 "Yes, to pay. I had forgotten. You shall
 pay me for four lessons, one guinea. Is it
 well? Are you satisfied—satisfied?"
 "Satisfied."
 "Quite. I will take twelve lessons in each
 art."
 "Twelve lessons! Bah! you shall need
 little when you shall reach the ending of your
 course, if you have decent, as you call it here—
 blood—not bourgeois—you understand."
 "My father, sir, was a surgeon, the son of
 a poor country gentleman. I am!"
 "Nimpoire. I can see what you are. I
 shall make you a good swordsman in a little
 time, if you will keep your eye on your ad-
 versary as you kept it on me when I made
 that speech to you. You have what you call
 'pluck.' Is it right—'pluck'?"
 "Quite right."
 "Then come, and we shall try your eye and
 wrist up-stairs."

He went up stairs, and I followed the old
 soldier. We entered a large well-lighted room
 on the first floor, bare of all furniture but
 a piano, then a rarer instrument than now, and
 a few chairs. On the pier between the win-
 dows hung some foils and masks, while some
 half dozen single sticks stood in the corner.

"Now, Monsieur, will you place yourself
 there, as thus; with your body upright, and
 your arms hanging loosely to your side come
 ca."

The old gentleman put himself in position;
 as he did so I noticed the slightest limp, the
 slightest stoop, but still a limp—that I saw,
 as I watched him during the lesson, was from
 a stiffening of the knee-joint. I thought it
 was a curious thing to be taking lessons in
 the most active of exercises of an old gentle-
 man who was lame, but I could see at once
 that he was a most perfect master of the
 weapon.

"That will do for today for the sword,"

he said, and then he turned to me and said:
 "Now, Monsieur, for the dance. If Monsieur is
 not too much fatigued."
 "Not at all—not the least."
 "Well, then, to begin. You know a little
 of the dance?"
 "A very, very little—as little as of French,
 Monsieur."
 "Ah! you shall know all better in a lit-
 tle."
 He took from off the piano a small violin
 bow, and ran a rapid scale on the strings.
 "Good. Now, place yourself come ca.
 One, two, three. You see it is simple—first
 position, second position, third position—you
 see. No, no, Monsieur, that second position
 is wrong, all wrong—come ca. Un deux,
 now—Punt! my limb is troublesome to-day?
 I cannot dance."
 "Another day—I begin."
 "No, no, remain. We shall manage."
 He moved to the door, and half opening it,
 called impatiently in French: "Julie, Julie,
 descend quickly in your shoes." In a few
 seconds entered Julie.

Julie! It is a long time now since I first
 saw Julie! Can I picture her? A tall dark
 girl, with black—intensely black—large eyes,
 child's eyes; a small mouth, full lips, and a
 form thin, bony and like a grayhound's;
 dressed in a low child's dress, much too small
 and short for her. She was like a child of
 ten, seen through a glass that made her the
 size of a girl of eighteen. "Mademoiselle de
 Bonheur—Monsieur Arthur Forrester."
 She courtesied low in the style then in fa-
 shion. I made my best bow. "Julie, my limb
 is to-day weak; I cannot teach; you shall
 teach this gentleman his dance."
 "Ouv, monsieur."

"Now, begin. Un, deux, trois. Regard
 Mademoiselle's feet, Monsieur; it is her feet
 that dance. Un, deux, trois." And so on for
 nearly half an hour, during which the eternal
 "Un, deux, trois" was occasionally inter-
 rupted by little snatches of the strings with
 the fingers, and sudden sweepings of the bow over
 the instrument. "Good, Monsieur; you have
 life, you have soul; you shall yet dance—you
 feel the music. It shall be creditable to me
 to have taught you—Julie, you shall wish
 Monsieur good-day."
 "Bonjour, Monsieur," said Julie; and with
 a low courtesy she left us.

"And when will you come again?"
 In these dark pines, in your rock's rugged form
 That breathe of e'er.

"Bien; come then. I shall hope my limb
 will then be well. Bonjour, Monsieur;" and
 the old gentleman rang the bell and bowed
 me out.

The day came, and I went again, and was
 directly shown up stairs into the room.

"Ah, Monsieur, we are unfortunate; my
 limb is to-day weak. This climate of yours is bad
 for soldiers; my wounded limb aches for want
 of the sun."

"I shall be glad to call another day, if more
 convenient."

"No, no, it is of no consequence; Julie
 will teach you. Will you be so kind as to
 open the door for me? I am crippled."

Certainly.

"Julie, Julie!" thundered the old man;
 descend quickly, with your shoes and your
 corset."

Julie came in speedily, and with a small
 leather breast-guard in her hand.

"Bonjour, monsieur."
 "Bonjour, Mademoiselle Ju—de Bon-
 heur."

"See, now, you shall take your lesson from
 Mademoiselle," said Monsieur; and he buckled
 on her leather armor and fastened her mask.

"Now, salute!" Julie went through the mo-
 tions with an ease and grace that excelled her
 father's. "Now, you must regard the hand
 of Mademoiselle; the time has not come to
 you to watch her eyes. Now, en garde. Good.
 Carte—thrust."

I thrust gently as possible, while Julie,
 with the foil in her left hand, slipped the fin-
 gers of the right along my blade to aid the
 hand—in true fencing style.

"Bah! Monsieur, do not fear; it has not ar-
 rived to you yet to be dangerous to Mademoiselle.
 Again, that! You must lunge with your
 body, and of Mademoiselle have no fear;
 she can guard herself. Your nails up a little
 more. Now, the carte—thrust. That is
 better. Again."

The situation was horrible, to be compelled
 to thrust full in the breast of this child; but
 there was no help for it, and I did it; and so
 went on through the whole of the motions—
 prime, second, quint, parade, low carte, and
 the rest of it—Julie placing herself in the
 proper positions, and thrusting and guarding
 with a vigor and grace that more than equalled
 her teacher's.

After the fencing came the dancing, with
 its "Un, deux, trois," and a repetition of the
 caution that Mademoiselle's feet should be re-
 garded, as it was with those she was teach-
 ing.

The limb continued weak for some time,
 and the lessons continued to be given by Ju-
 lie, and as my eyes began to get accustomed
 to look on here through the haze of the wires
 of the mask—for I had become practiced
 enough to be permitted to cross foils with her
 in real attack and defense—I saw a change
 had come over them; the child was growing a
 woman; there was no longer the stare of
 childish curiosity, or the simple glance of
 the practiced fencer; there was more the won-
 der of a soul waking in them. Her form al-
 tered; the angles were becoming rounded,
 the grace was more graceful, but the thin,
 tightly-stretched skin on the face and shoulders,
 that altered but little.

One day I bought box of chocolates for the
 old gentleman, who was at last well enough
 to take the foil, he ate some, and gave the
 box to Julie, and we went on with our les-
 sons, she remaining in the room for the dan-
 cing. When the lesson was over he said: "Ah!
 how I shall enjoy one of your little choco-
 lates."

Julie started as if from a dream—the box
 was empty. He laughed and said: "Ah, my
 child, you are so fond of chocolates you have
 not left your father one. Ah, coquine!"—and
 he pinched her ear—"Ah, greedy one!"

She blushed, the tears started in her eyes,
 she said nothing.

"Bah! Now, Monsieur, I have broken my
 string. Julie, go get me—"
 "No, you don't
 know, I'll myself go. Mademoiselle shall
 play some music, while I am gone, Monsieur;
 in a few minutes I shall return."

A few minutes I shall return with his in-
 strument, and Julie turned to the piano and sat
 down. As I opened it she said, with her
 voice full of tears, "Monsieur, you must not
 think me a greedy child."

"But," said I, laughing, "you ate the whole box."

"True, Monsieur; but since last Sunday I

have eaten nothing but some bread—since
 yesterday, nothing. I am not greedy; I was
 only hungry and forgetful!"

"My God, Mademoiselle! what can you
 mean?" You are destroying yourself. Why
 did you not eat—at your age?"

"At my age! There was nothing to eat; af-
 ter Mary had eaten, there was nothing to
 eat."

"Heavens! Poor child! is it possible? I,
 wretch that I am, have never once offered to
 pay your father what I owe him; why, I have
 had one course of lessons after another, and
 paid for none. Why did not your father
 speak—remind me?"

"Monsieur de Bonheur would die first."
 "I will pay this moment, fool that I was
 not to see it in your face!"

"Am I then so thin?"

"Thin! poor child!"

"Child! I am seventeen, Monsieur."
 "Seventeen, Mademoiselle!"

"Oui, Monsieur; j'ai dix-sept ans."

"I am very sorry; I will at once see your
 father."

"Do not disturb yourself so much Mon-
 sieur; it is nothing. If it had not been for
 the chocolates, you would not have known
 about it at all, but I could not let you think
 me a greedy child. You will not speak to
 my father as if I had told you? Promise me.
 He would never forgive me."

"Mademoiselle, I promise."

The old gentleman now entered with the
 new string properly adjusted, and once more
 we began the one, two, three, four.

"Machinalement, Julie machinalement;
 Monsieur is to learn to dance, not to dance
 for his pleasure. Again that. Un, deux,
 trois, come ca."

And so we went through the minuet and the
 new waltz, to the scraping of the violin, and
 whenever we moved a little too much, as
 though we were dancing for pleasure instead
 of practice, the old gentleman's "Machinalement,
 Julie, un, deux, trois," speedily brought
 us to task.

At the close of the lesson, I stated that I
 was uncertain about being able to come
 again for some time, and should be glad to
 discharge, as for as money could, my obliga-
 tions to him.

"Nimpoire Monsieur, when you have com-
 pleted, will be good."

"I must beg you to allow me to settle the
 matter now."

"Bien," said Monsieur, with a shrug, "if
 you wish it," and he dropped the guinea
 without counting them into his waistcoat
 pocket, with an air of indifference that would
 have been laughable but for the story I had
 just heard from poor Julie. I left the house
 and waited at the street corner to see what
 would happen; and in a few minutes I saw the
 English girl come out with her basket, and
 then I left, determined that while my igno-
 rance of fencing and dancing could prevent it,
 Julie should never eat another box of choco-
 lates from her hunger.

It was more than a week before I again
 went to the house. The change was com-
 plete; Julie was a woman, a beautiful, bril-
 liant woman. Food had acted on her as by
 magic. Her dress, too, was altered, higher
 in the throat, lower in the skirt, but still short
 enough to show the most delicate foot and
 ankle I ever saw.

The old man saw no difference. When the
 limb was well, I fenced with him while Julie
 danced; when the limb was bad I fenced and
 played with Julie, with only an occasional
 "Plus machinalement, Julie, un, deux, trois."
 And so it went on for months, till the old
 gentleman said to me: "Monsieur, it is time
 for you to leave us. You are a good swords-
 man; it is only practice that you need to be
 one of the best. I can no longer teach
 your money for teaching you, as I can teach
 you nothing."

I pleaded for just one more course of les-
 sons; I could not get disarmed.

"True, Monsieur, you can not; you shall
 have one more course of lessons. My wrist
 is now getting stiff, as well as my limb; but
 Julie is of steel. She shall teach you.
 When you can disarm Julie, there is no more
 we can teach you."

I don't know it happened, but just at this
 time, when my admiration—I don't say love,
 but admiration—for Julie was at its highest
 point, I fell in love, literally heading not a
 moment's warning was given me. I went to
 my mother's one evening, and, on entering
 the room, saw my destiny.

I went to take my lessons as usual, but I
 took no interest in them. I was changed,
 and never did I get fencer's thrills in the fen-
 cing lessons. Six or eight times my foil sprang
 out of my hand as if I had been a novice. I
 was nettled. What made Julie so angry?
 There was a flash in her eye. What had I
 done or said to cause it? I gave up guessing
 and attended to the lesson once more. Her
 foil, a little serpent, seized mine and
 threw it with a loud clang against the wall.

"Doucement, Julie, doucement, ma fille;
 doucement. Monsieur is fatigued. You had
 better cease."

And never once during the dancing lesson
 that followed was uttered the usual "Machinalement,
 Julie," all the life and energy
 seemed to have left her.

The next lesson presented the same fea-
 tures, a little more subdued.

Between the third and last lesson, I hap-
 pened to meet her father in the street; I
 bowed, and my companion asked who they
 were.

"My fencing-master and his child."
 "Child! Arthur?"

"Daughter, I should have said. I'm going
 there to-morrow for my last lesson."

"Oh! And my destiny was more silent
 than usual during our walk home."

On the morning, I went to Russell Square,
 and before we had been engaged ten minutes,
 the old gentleman was called away to see
 some visitor. He left the room with an apolo-
 gy to me, and I turned to renew my contest
 with Julie. She had thrown aside her mask
 and was standing with the point of the foil in
 her left hand.

"Now, Julie," said I—for insensibly we had
 dropped into the way of calling each other
 Julie and Arthur—"now, Julie, once more."

"My name is Bonheur, Monsieur, Mademoiselle
 de Bonheur. Who was that blonde Eng-
 lishwoman I met you with yesterday?"

"Who was it? That lady, Julie, will be my
 wife in less than a month. What's the mat-
 ter, Julie? Are you ill?"

"It is nothing. Take off your mask; we
 need not always play like children, Mon-
 sieur."

I threw it off into the corner of the room;
 and we began. I was quite cool; she evident-

ly, under the influence of some strong pas-
 sion, with amazing energy. Therefore, she
 lunged at me with all her force and skill, and
 I felt once, as the point of her foil glided
 down mine, that though the leather was there
 the button at the end was gone.

"The button of your foil is off, Mademoiselle."
 "I know it, Monsieur; I have taken it off.
 Now, Monsieur, you shall be married in a
 month, but not as you are. It is your fair,
 false face she loves, but it shall not be fair;
 she shall find marks on it that will change it!
 It shall not be the face that I know so well
 that shall be hers to caress! No, no."

"But Julie!"

"Be guarded, Monsieur; the foil has no but-
 ton. I doubt if you shall live a month."

And she attacked me with a fury that made
 me need every artifice she had taught me to
 ward off her thrusts. At last it came car-
 te over the arm; I parried badly, and the point-
 ed blade ripped up my arm from wrist to
 shoulder.

"When I heard that, my arm was bound up
 and I heard her sob as I lay with my mind
 awake but my body motionless: "Oh, my Ar-
 thur! my love! I have killed! I have killed
 you for whom I would have died! Oh, wretch
 that I am, the will die—she will die!"

She laid her face on my breast, and shook
 me with her sobs. "Don't cry, Julie, don't
 cry; it was an accident, I know, and I
 No—you will live—you must live to forgive
 me. It was not an accident—I meant to kill
 you, wretch that I am!"

I could only say: "Don't cry, Julie, don't
 cry. To me they say? Where is the point? Give
 it to me."

She gave me the broken-off point of the
 foil. I saw it had been rubbed on some stone
 till it was as sharp as a needle.

When M. de Bonheur returned, he brought
 with him his visitor, who by good fortune
 happened to be an old comrade of his.

"Well, are you better now? How did it
 happen?"

"The point of the foil broke off, and the
 edge took me on the wrist as I lunged."

"Bah! Julie, you must have guarded very
 badly to do that. Where is the foil—Yes, I see
 the point is broken off. Where is the point?"

"It must be about the room."

The visitor looked at Julie, and said:
 "It does not matter; it can be found by and
 by, when this gentleman has gone. He will
 be strong enough in an hour to go—mean-
 while, let him rest a little; Julie can take
 care of him."

"Ah, Julie, but it was an awkward guard of
 yours, and the foil, too, must have been bad;
 I shall have to complain to the maker."

Poor Julie sat by me, quite so intent and
 quiet, for an hour or more, and when we
 heard them coming, I turned to her and
 said: "I quite forgive you, Julie, dear; you
 must love me still like a brother, as I shall
 love you like a sister." And then—well,
 there's no harm in these things between
 brothers and sisters—and then I went home,
 rather faint and weak, to explain matters,
 and meet my destiny.

As for Julie, the family property of the De
 Bonheurs was restored to the old gentleman
 some months afterwards, and they quitted
 England; soon after which I received from
 the Marquis de Chateaufort, a letter which I
 at once burned, beginning, "My dear Broth-
 er," and ending, "Your most affectionate sister,
 Julie."

Among the treasures of the past which I
 like others, keep so carefully and so secretly
 there is a packet that contains six inches of
 steel, and on it is engraved but one word—
 "Julie."

Alleged Post-office Robbery in Lowell.
Mass.—An Old Clerk Detected in a Long
Series of Robberies of Valuable Letters.
—The Character and Extent of His Pen-
etration.
 Boston, April 15, 1869.

During the past year or more business men
 and others of Lowell have been annoyed by
 the loss of money placed in letters for trans-
 mission through the mails, and for a long time
 the guilty party worked his card so ingeniously
 and shrewdly that he set at defiance all the
 practices of the special agent of the Post-Office
 Department until yesterday morning when he
 was detected in the act of opening two
 letters, which contained valuable papers,
 though no money was in them. The name
 of the guilty party is Philip P. Haggerty,
 forty-two years of age, having a wife and
 four children, and residing in Lowell. The
 peculations of this man have been going on
 for the past two years. For this length of
 time it has been known that letters passing
 through the Lowell office and the office in this
 city were abstracted. Post-master Goodwin,
 of the former office, relaxed no efforts to
 detect the thief, but he failed to discover any
 clue to the guilty party. The matter was finally
 taken in hand by Mr. C. P. Johnson, of this
 city, a special agent connected with the Post-
 Office Department, who went to Lowell on
 Monday. He ascertained that there were
 three persons in the office there who had un-
 usual opportunities for abstracting letters.
 Those persons were closely watched. In

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

A Good Sale.—Winchester Rease sold to George Wood last week a pair of match harnesses for \$425. Mr. Wood shipped them East.

The recent showers have set everything to growing. Wheat, barley, rye, oats, clover, timothy, and blue grass fields have all put on new garments, and are in truth "wearing of the green" in most cheering perfection.

The last rail on the Cincinnati branch of the Louisville and Lexington Railroad has been laid. An excursion will take place over it soon, and before many weeks regular trains will be running over it.

The attachment of C. S. Dyer & Son, of Cincinnati, against Mrs. Allinder, of this city, was dismissed by Judge Stanton on Thursday. We learn that a suit for damages will be brought on the attachment bond by Mrs. Allinder.

One pimple is a blemish, two pimples are a mortification, three pimples are a disgust, but four or more pimples are truly distressing to any one. Palmer's Vegetable Cosmetic Lotion is the sovereign remedy for all such afflictions.

After the nomination of Newton Cooper for Collector in the Ninth Kentucky vice Barnes, had been determined upon, the friends of the latter succeeded in reversing the decision and now state that the President has directed that the change must not be made.

The directors of the Elizabethtown Lexington, and Big Sandy railroad have petitioned the City Council of Lexington to submit the question of subscribing \$250,000 to that road, by that city, to the qualified voters of Lexington.

The report that Thomas Smith, the unfortunate man who perished in the burning of a distillery at Lewisburg, Mason county, last week, intoxicated at the time, is pronounced untrue by the proprietors of the distillery.

Spring has gotten out of the lap of hoary old winter at last, and is now before the mirror arranging her toilet in the most lively manner. The young maid nestled in the old love King's arms so long that she will have to be king or Summer will be here before half her "fixing up" is done.

The nomination of Hon. W. H. Wadsworth as Commissioner under the Treaty with Mexico was confirmed by the Senate on Thursday, but not without serious opposition. He was assailed on account of his position while in Congress, and the most creditable acts of his public career made a ground of opposition to him. We do not know what the office is worth pecuniarily, but it is a position of honor.

Drowned.—A party of five men, James Sexton, Knoch Sexton, John Bullock, Daniel Farris, and Wm. Story, undertook to cross the North Fork, just above the breast of the dam at Taylor's mill on Tuesday last, but the current was so great the boat was carried over, and one of the party, Wm. Story, a blacksmith, was drowned. The other four men were only saved by desperate exertions. The body of Story has not yet been recovered.

An agent for a party of New York capitalists was in Lexington some days ago investigating the conditions and prospects of the Big Sandy railroad. This agent was pleased with the things seen and heard, and was satisfied that the route was a most feasible one for a railroad, and will so report to the men he represented as will induce them to come to Kentucky and spy out the thing for themselves.

"We knew by the smoke that so gracefully curled, and that our rural correspondent had a new pipe (the last time he was in the city). "Where did you purchase it?" We inquired. "Purchase it?" he indignantly exclaimed. "Did you ever hear of an editor or newspaper man buying a pipe?" he continued. Then who gave it to you pray? "Why, that prince of good fellows, Capt. N. Shaffer, of Market street," replied our rural scribbler as he pulled along down street toward his bound.

Maysville in New Orleans.—We find the following in the New Orleans Picayune of the 17th inst., in the report of the great fair recently held in that city, viz:

"The committee report of the two-horse plows made by James H. Hall, Maysville, Ky., and entered by Stauffer, Kent & Co., and those made by Messrs. Baldwin, Black & Co. Maysville, Ky., and entered by Nicom, Baldwin & Co., are so near perfection both as to workmanship and perfection, that they are unable to decide between them, so they therefore recommend diplomats to each."

The Richmond, Va. *Boulevard* of Friday says: "We learned yesterday that the directors of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company have in contemplation the scheme of selling out to the Pennsylvania railroad (commonly known as the Pennsylvania Central) the State's interest in the Virginia Central railroad (\$2,000,000) and the State's interest in the Blue Ridge railroad (\$1,674,000), and that if the sale were made the Pennsylvania railroad would build a road from Pittsburgh to Charleston, on the Kanawha, or some other point in West Virginia, connecting their line with the Chesapeake and Ohio road."

An Exceptional Case.—No. 2.—We like to read clever cases and reciprocal kind offices. A case in point. One of our old farmers coming to the city to sell his wheat was advised by one of our merchants, (rather unusual advice) to hold on to his grain as the market had an upward tendency. "But," replied the farmer, "I need money and must sell." How much do you need, queried our merchant.

"About \$100," rejoined the farmer. "Here it is," said the merchant handing from his well filled wallet a smooth hundred dollar green bill. But I don't like to borrow," said our farmer, most astonished at this display of liberality. "You shall have it without interest," said our merchant, whereupon the farmer pocketed the \$100 loan and went on his way rejoicing. In less than ninety days from the date of this incident the same farmer called on the same merchant, and sold him his grain at an advanced price, and returned the hundred dollars borrowed with many thanks. A social "smile" all round was indulged, and the farmer returned home with the conviction that Maysville had at least one fair dealing, straight forward and honest merchant. As our merchant is a upstart man, and we are not inclined to tell tales and call names, we will only say for the benefit of the curious, for further particulars call on D. A. B. No. 17, Market Street. The latch string is always out.

Letter from Lewisburg.—I attended the Festival last night at Lewisburg. A fine band of music was in attendance and we had a good time generally, especially those who participated in the dance, while the spectators enjoyed themselves by looking on. The tables were beautifully spread with everything palatable. The fair sex were out in all their beauty and loveliness. The appearance of Miss K. C. was very attractive; her dress being a very rich blue silk, trimmed with that neatness that only females possess—her hair was beautiful erected, being surrounded by a magnificent wreath of flowers. 'T would exhaust our vocabulary to describe all, but suffice it to say that all could not but be admired by the many Young Americans on hand. Our attention was also drawn to the style of Miss M. L. D. who tripped so fairy-like over the floor, smiling at each one, her eyes sparkling like diamonds, and the beautiful dress she wore dazzling all by the exquisite beauty of its texture.

The proceeds of the Festival, quite handsome we understand, are to be appropriated to the purchase of suitable furniture for the new Academy, just finished.

Prof. Hall will take charge of the institute and conduct the school with an assistant. Prof. H. is a native Virginian—youthful, active and energetic. May every success attend him.

A Railroad Man on Shannon.—Our old friend Wm. Forman, of Shannon, was in town on Monday last, filling up the necessary blanks in order to have the snorting iron horse pass through his Southern Illinois farm.

The Cairo and Vincennes Railroad Company proposed to Mr. Forman to run their road through his lands, and build a depot thereon, provided he would give them ninety feet in width for right of way, and seventy-five acres of land besides. He acceded to the proposition.

Mr. Forman is not only a railroad man when the enterprise subserves his own special interest, but he voted for the tax to build the Maysville and Lexington railroad when he knew he would receive, in consequence of his recent relocation in the South western portion of the county, a little benefit from it as any man in the county.

A correspondent at Urbana, Ill., says: "General Burnside, a thoroughgoing business man, of good connections, has taken the contract of the Cairo and Vincennes railroad and I think he will build it. My reasons for what I say are these: He is building a road now from Indianapolis to Vincennes and has leased it to the C. & C. R. R. and to the I. & C. R. R., and these roads endorsed his bonds, and now to make that road valuable he wants to get out to Cairo to catch the Southern business, or a portion of it, and I presume that these same roads that have backed Burnside in the road to Vincennes, will do the same through to Cairo, and I have no doubt the road will be built, because of these roads backing up and desiring an outlet, &c. How soon it will be built I cannot tell. It will be like a streak of light through the forest-clad valleys of southern Illinois. Bring all the wild lands into market, and make the wilderness blossom as a rose. It will make Mr. Forman's lands very valuable, as they lie near the flourishing town of Vienna."

The Newark and Maysville Railroad.—Decidedly the prospect for a railroad connection with the North and East is brightening. The cry of the opponents of our railroad in the interior has always been that if the road to Paris was built it would end in Maysville and be of no advantage to parties shipping to and from the East. But a project has been set on foot to build a railroad from Newark to Maysville which has every promise of success. The probability of the early completion of the Maysville and Lexington railroad has attracted the attention of Eastern capitalists and they are looking to this point as being the most favorable for a line to Central Kentucky much nearer than any now in existence. The *People's Defender*, a paper published at West Union, Ohio, says:

"The delegates sent from this place to attend the Newark and Maysville Railroad Convention, held at Chillicothe on last Saturday, returned on last Tuesday morning, and we are glad to say, the report is favorable and the road almost insured. The Convention was large, well attended and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. Our delegates were well received and the upper counties were glad to see that we were alive to our interests and the interests of the proposed road, and ready to extend a helping hand to the enterprise. A proposition was made to the Convention by the Pennsylvania Central Road to the effect, 'that if the right of way and road were furnished, they would build the bridges and culverts and put the ties, iron and rolling stock on the road.' To furnish the right of way and road bed through this county will be an easy matter, as we feel satisfied that old Adams will do her part in the enterprise and not be backward in taking hold of a means of redemption and final salvation' thrown at her feet. This railroad will be the making of this county and the men who have farms that they can hardly give away now, will find them increased to fabulous prices and poor old Adams, that has been contented to feed and to build up other counties and localities will suddenly feel herself elevated to a position she will hardly be able to appreciate. This is an auspicious moment for Adams county! Let her citizens do their duty and we will be blessed with a railroad second to none in the State. We will be placed on the great thoroughfare from the South to the East and the travel and trade that day of road through our borders, before the days of railroads, will naturally fall back into the old channel and we will stand where we stood twenty-five years ago—with our feet on the threshold of a new existence. The people above us are interested in this road and are in earnest."

While Bishop Whittle was preaching at Five Forks Church, in Hanover, Va., on Sunday morning of last week, the stove got out of order and threw out noxious gas in such quantities that the entire congregation was suddenly made sick. Six or seven persons, we are informed, fainted outright, while many others were, late that evening, when heard from, suffering from the effects of the gas inhaled.

The afternoon New York service usual at Christ Church, was Sunday last the scene of a novel feature. The organ suddenly stopped in the midst of a hymn, and not another note was heard from it during the entire exercise. Upon inquiry it was ascertained that the organist had taken offense at something done by one of the officiating clergymen during the services, and abruptly left the church.

A novel tournament is to come off in Chicago some time in May. The Chicago *Post-Tribune* society offers a solid silver belt, made of solid gold, to the butcher who can kill and dress an ox in the shortest time. The belt is a very handsome one and cost \$500.

General Grant's Appointments.—"Let Us Have Peace."

(From the New York Herald.)
"Let us have peace" is the motto of General Grant. It is a good motto—yes, it is glorious and sublime. We all want peace; but for all that, on the Cuba question and the Alabama claims there is a smell of gunpowder which to Young America is positively refreshing. In fact, the great mass of this people no more want peace at any price with John Bull or the Spaniard than they wanted it on such terms with Jeff. Davis. The peace which General Grant wants is peace among ourselves, peace between the two late belligerent sections, peace in the South, peace between whites and blacks, peace with the women's rights women, peace with Congress and the office-seekers, no matter who may be the office-holders or what may be their claims, services, or usefulness, or what may be the terms. A general clearing out will at all events settle this business, and so a general clearing out is going on.

"The new broom sweeps clean"—almost too clean. We never had anything like it before, nor behind either. Rotation in offices established under General Jackson was to rotate the adherents of the defeated party out and the victors in, on the rule that "to the victors belong the spoils." Now the new law of rotation sweeps out Grant men, Johnson men, and Seymour men, radicals, conservatives and copperheads; and good services, experience and qualifications seem to go for nothing with the persons going out or the parties coming in. Crippled Union soldiers, with the followers of Andy Johnson, and rebel confederates and peace democrats, and helpless women by the score, are carried off to the gallows and sacrificed to a sum total of two or three hundred every day. The grand idea with General Grant, they say, is to clear out everything and fill every place with some new appointment, so that when there is not an office left to squabble about he will surely "have peace."

The House of Representatives is the mill which first grinds out the appointments; then they are assorted and divided out among the heads of the several departments; when they are passed over to the President, and then, as we have heard it confidentially whispered, in cases where there are several applicants for the same office, with Congressional papers and backers, the President puts the names in a hat, from which the first one drawn is sent up to the Senate. It is done by lottery. By this process a startling catalogue of all sorts of appointments—good, bad, or indifferent—is sent up every day, and with an occasional sop to this, that, and the other Senator, they are confirmed as if they were run through by a steam engine. The office-seekers are astounded at this rapid work, and every day a heavy batch of places being disposed of, every day a heavy detachment of disappointed carpet-baggers, cursing and swearing, evacuate Washington. This likewise is a new thing; but in clearing out these fellows it begins to look like "peace" around the White House.

Occasionally, however, in some nomination the President trends upon the horns of a high and mighty Senator, and then there is a speck of war. Take the case of Senator Ross. His candidate for postmaster of Lawrence, Kansas, did not happen to be the first pull from the hat, and so Ross went to the White House and roundly lectured the head of the nation for presuming to ignore "the man of Ross," and finally told the astonished fountain of patronage to go to Halifax. Nor was this all, for when Grant's man for said post office was sent into the Senate, Mr. Ross said, "This is not my man, and I demand his rejection;" and he was rejected. Senator Brownlow made the same demand with the same result. The personal wishes, therefore, of any republican Senator, even if "one of the immortal seven," are a law of the Senate which the President must respect in reference to any special office, although no such restriction can be found in the new tenure-of-office law.

How is all this to end? We cannot conjecture; but, after all, it doesn't look much like "peace." So far as the several factions, sections, and races which make up the republican party are concerned, they have no right to complain. For instance, a radical made Secretary of the Treasury, a conservative Secretary of State, a reconstructed rebel general is made Governor of New Mexico, numerous women are made postmasters, as they are officially called, an Indian is made commissioner of Indian Affairs, a nigger is made Minister to Hayti, and another Minister to Liberia. A Chinaman or two as consuls to the Central Flowery Kingdom would make the thing complete in regard to races—white, yellow, red, and black. Still we cannot positively say that all this will give us peace in regard to the spoils, or in the matter of retrenchment, economy or reform. The sore-lands threaten a mutiny in the camp, and some of the lucky ones on a reconsideration have been thrown out. Upon the whole, in the proportion which the candidates bear to the offices will be the disappointments and wrath in the party line. Unless, therefore, General Grant shall in the interval strike for a higher game, than the division of the spoils the result of the coming election, we fear, will not be very flattering to the administration and its new and sweeping law of rotation.

The Twitchell Case.

If the statement of Mrs. Twitchell and the letters of her husband, in which he urges her to admit her guilt and save him, are to be relied upon as genuine there ought to be but one opinion, and that is that Mrs. Twitchell is a much injured woman. Pity that she should be branded forever if innocent. In the opinion of many the confessions which Twitchell got up for his wife to commit and make are convincing proof of his guilt. If his wife knowingly to him was the guilty party why make so many confessions? Why not simply ask her to tell what she knew? Insincerity, cunning, cowardice are stamped on all those documents. Mrs. Twitchell has, or ought to have the originals of those letters given to her in the prison or addressed to her from the prison. The handwriting of Gen. S. Twitchell can not be known to him in Philadelphia. Let the letters be produced. Let them be submitted to those who know the handwriting. If he wrote them let him be buried in the murderer's and suicide's grave, and let this horrible burden be lifted from the head of an innocent woman. Mrs. Twitchell has never varied in her statements. Her husband systematically lied from the moment the deed of blood was committed. Let the letters be examined.

CANADIAN CONSOLIDATION.—The Governor General of Canada, in his address to the Parliament in Ottawa, recently, lauded the plan of confederation inaugurated by his predecessor, and recommended that measures be taken to bring Newfoundland into the compact, as "a nursery of hardy seamen and inexhaustible in its wealth of fisheries." It is all valuable. The richer Canada becomes the more valuable will it be when its inhabitants seek shelter under the flag of the United States.

The Advance of the Rate of Discount in the Bank of England.

(From the money article, London Star, April 28th.)
The position to which the bank has now advanced its rate of discount concludes the term of the exceedingly low interests which succeeded the months of panic. The remembrance of the ten per cent. rate of 1866, preceded as that was by the very high and semi-panic rates of 1854, followed as the whole has been by unexampled depression, and the miserable returns for capital of two and two and a half per cent., are sufficient to establish the proposition that at present the regulation of the elements upon which discount depends is not such as to attain medium rates or ease and smoothness in the working. And we may take for granted, without demonstration, that the amount of gold in the issue department of the bank is the controlling influence in the monetary world. If the engagements of the government and of the public in quarter day put more money in circulation, or the international trade of the country, financial or in produce, requires balances to be sent in either case the extent of the depletion of the bank's reserve must be traced back to the deposits of gold in the issue department. The amount of gold there stored is the measure of the currency, which cannot be increased at quarterly periods unless gold has increased, which, as has been the case in the present week, if gold be taken out for international purposes, the currency must be contracted at the very time when the quarterly demands press most heavily upon the resources of the bank. The miserable matter of an export of \$300,000, or so to New York, coming coincidentally with a greater demand for money for temporary purposes, has made a general disturbance of values and shaken the confidence of the commercial community. If this were the consequence of a law of nature, or of laws of economy equally immutable, we should have no resource but to grin and bear it. Instead, however, of being accumulated according to a law of political economy, our stores of gold are regulated by a law of Peel, which ought to have no other sanction than its own merit. We are aware, however, that very many persons regard the law of Peel as something so transcendental in its wisdom as to be incapable of improvement, and, in short, to constitute the very gospel of finance. We venture to believe that it could be improved, and improved in such a manner as to add immensely to the stock of gold in the bank of England, so as to lead to greater equilibrium in the rates of discount. The stock of gold in the bank vaults at the present moment, and even at the highest point of the late accumulation, compared with our enormous commerce, is small. On Wednesday evening last, when the bank return was made up, the stock of bullion and coin in both departments was, in round numbers, £17,500,000. Now, the transactions which passed the Clearing House on the same day amounted to £25,562,000, and for the week, which was short of the usual number of business days) £69,164,000. If we had not managed by artificial means to do without money in the settlement of transactions, the whole gold in the Bank of England would not have been sufficient for the wants of the single day we have quoted. The Bank of France, by various means, has managed to obtain possession of more than double the amount of gold which the Bank of England possesses, and the result has been a remarkable steadiness in the rate of discount in that country as compared with England. Suppose the amount of gold in the Bank of England stood at £40,000,000 in place of £17,500,000, the little transaction the other day of sending coin to America could not possibly have created the enormous sensation of adding one per cent. to the rate of discount and depressing the value of securities. The thought of adding very largely to the gold in the Bank of England ought to be particularly grateful to all who uphold the Bank act, for its principle is to maintain a bullion basis, and a bullion basis is not only theoretically just, but it is the only basis which the world acknowledges, and the estimate of the whole world will prevail, we may be assured, against the theory of any individual.

A Lady in Distress.
(From the New Orleans Picayune.)
About nine o'clock on Tuesday morning a handsomely dressed female made her appearance at the private office of the Chief of Police and solicited an interview. Her features for the name were shrouded by a dense green veil, but a last and white feather sat jauntily on golden curls, and the figure was tall and sylph-like. An odor of costly essence was dispensed from her robe, and a heart-shaped cluster sparkled on her left hand. The lady was politely shown to a seat, and the chief, as usual with him in the presence of beautiful ladies, bowed low and begged she would advise him in what he could oblige her.

"I am a lady, sir, in distress."
"Madame, I am profoundly pleased to hear it," and the chief's utterance disclosed, in an eminent degree, the sympathetic nature of his feelings.

"Yes, sir, I'm very young, a stranger in the city, deserted and broken-hearted," and a bright tear falling from underneath the veil and glittering on the costly robe, evinced the anguish of the lady. The stout heart of the police magistrate was evidently touched. He walked up and down the apartment several times, pulled out his handkerchief, put it to his eyes, and then solicited anew the lady's confidence.

"Will you help me, sir?"
"Madame, myself and my force are at your command."
"Thanks, sir; such generous assistance quite overwhelms me."
"I beg you will not express it. Only let me know the circumstances of your distress."

"The person who has greatly injured me, sir, is the barber of the Dexter."
"What?"
"Yes, sir, the barber."
"What—a nigger?"
"A colored gentleman, sir."
"And who the devil are you?"
"I came down here to teach school, sir."
"Well, madam, my education is already completed, and I think you'd better go," and the discomfited official made a sudden exit from the apartment.

"If men or women could but find the fabled fountain which is said to restore health, strength and beauty, with what eagerness would they rush to drink its waters." It is found in S. T.—1860—X. The sale of the Plantation Bitters is without precedent in the history of the world. They are at once the most speedy, strengthening, health-restorer ever discovered. It requires but a single trial to understand this.

MAXWELL WATER.—Superior to the best imported German Cologne, and sold at half the price.
A DEPUTATION OF VIRGINIANS, with General Lee acting as chairman, is on a visit to Baltimore, to lay before the citizens the importance of extending the Virginia Valley Railroad, and to urge the assistance and co-operation of the city.

STATE NEWS.

RELIGIOUS.—The Rev. R. G. Brank on Sunday last, and not previously, as stated by a city paper, gave notice to his congregation that he had accepted the call from St. Louis, and that the West Lexington Presbyterian Church would assemble in this city in the last Presbyterian Church on Thursday, the 29th inst., at 10 o'clock, A. M., for the purpose of dissolving his pastoral relation with them. He also stated that a meeting of the congregation would be held the preceding Tuesday at 4 o'clock, P. M., to take such action in regard to his leaving as they deemed proper, and to appoint a committee to meet a similar committee already appointed by the other branch of the Presbyterian Church to endeavor to effect a satisfactory settlement of the difficulties about the Church property. It is earnestly hoped that the attendance may be full, as it is of the greatest importance that the parties at issue should come to an understanding without further delay. Mr. Brank will preach his farewell sermon the second Sunday in May.—*See Obs.*

THE DEVIL, AMONG THE DARKIES.—Another portly individual darkey has come to grief. This last case was of a negro who was found dead near Nicholasville. He had a bag swung around his neck, and in the bag was a large butcher-knife and a hatchet, the implements generally used by hog thieves. It appears from the inquest that the negro had stumbled and fallen upon the knife, and that it had penetrated his heart. Fresh pork is a good thing, but if every darkey who endeavors to get a little of it in a quiet way is to be disposed of in this way, they will have to give it up.—*See Obs.*

On Friday last, a young man named Alex. McClure, attempted suicide by cutting his throat with a razor, at Trickett in this county. He made the attempt in the presence of several persons to whom he remarked that he was tired of living, and that he wished them to be free. His wound though ugly is not dangerous. This young man was before the criminal court last month on a charge of stabbing a negro.—*Cynthiana Democrat.*

A FEW days ago, Gen. Lucius Deaba, while mounting his horse to leave town, fell and hurt his shoulder. His injury though temporary was painful and required the attention of a physician.—*Ibid.*

A BOLD HORSE THIEF.—Mr. Isaac Shroat, sr., has given us an account of the manœuvre of an audacious rascal who invaded his premises between 9 and 10 o'clock, Sunday night, for the purpose of stealing one of his horses. His wife, who is a lady always up to such emergencies, procured assistance and boldly started in the direction of the thief, who was endeavoring to take hold of a likely black mare. Seeing that he was discovered, he mounted his horse and rode off. Unfortunately the trap Mr. Shroat had for catching the fellow failed of its purpose. Very gracefully mounting his white horse, Mr. Thief rode off, as we have here said, in a lopsided—*Owingsville Inquirer.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.—We are informed that a few nights ago, Mr. A. Burns discovered a thief in the act of abstracting bacon through a hole previously made in the roof of his meat house. Being averse to the whole proceeding Mr. Burns put a demurrer in the shape of a load of shot lodged in that portion of Mr. Thief's body which is most used in sitting down. This part of the programme had not been put down in the bills and the operations were suspended. We learn that the would be thief bears the same family name as the owner of the bacon, but is no relative.—*Flem. Dem.*

It will be seen in another column that a meeting will be held here next Monday to appoint a committee to act in conjunction with those from Madison and Bourbon in ascertaining the interests which the Kentucky Central Company and the people of Cincinnati feel in the proposed railroad from Paris to Richmond. Clark county is in earnest about this enterprise. We feel that it can be built, and are willing to lend a helping hand, whenever called on. We have heard the Big Sandy road talked of so much that we have almost ceased to hope for its construction. It runs through so rough a country, and requires so much money for its completion, as to render it impossible to build the road by county subscriptions. The Paris and Richmond road is a short line, and passes through one of the richest sections of Kentucky.—*Clark Democrat.*

A WOMAN HANGS HERSELF TO THE ARMS OF A LOOM.—The number of suicides that are daily occurring throughout the country, and especially in large cities, is shocking to contemplate. Love, intemperance, embarrassment in business and deranged intellect are the causes assigned in most cases, and the vital rope, the pistol and the razor the means commonly employed for self-destruction.

It is rare that we have to record an occurrence of this nature, but to-day we are called upon to give the particulars of a suicide in our own county and neighborhood. The victim was Mrs. Tilly Davis, wife of John Davis, who has been residing with her brother, Harrison Sorrell, for several years past, at John Moore's place, near Isle's old mill, on Licking river. Mrs. Davis was a woman of thirty-five years of age, and seems to have suffered for a long time from some mental depression. We understand that she had been separated from her husband for several years. A year or two previous to the commission of the rash act Mrs. Davis had frequently threatened to put an end to her life. Once she said that she intended to drown herself.

On Friday morning, the 14th inst., about daybreak, Mr. Sorrell was awakened by hearing the door of his smoke-house opened. Upon going out to inquire into the matter, he met his sister coming into the house. He thought no more of the circumstance, and directed his attention to the business of the day. Later in the morning upon entering the door of an outhouse, Mr. Sorrell was horrified at the sight of his sister hanging by the neck to an arm of a loom, to which she had attached herself by a bank of thread. She was cold in death, and had apparently died without a struggle.—*Owingsville Inquirer.*

COLONEL BLANCO DUNCAN has recently returned from Washington. The act to restore him his property failed to become a law, although it passed Congress at the last session and this President declined, under the advice of Attorney General Hoar, to sign the bill. It seems that some secret enemy of Colonel Duncan's produced a letter written by him during the war, which expressed devotion to the cause of the South, and this was used by Senator Wilson and others to bias the mind of the Attorney General against him. So powerful indeed was the influence thus exerted that not even the efforts of General Butler, Senator Sherman, Flingham, and other prominent leaders could effect a change.—*Law Democrat.*

The firms of Moyer Brothers, wholesale tobacco dealers, of New York and Louisville, have failed. The liabilities of the New York house amount to \$120,000 and those of the Louisville house to \$20,000, making a total of \$140,000.

Winter in Norway.—Fruzen, Nosen.

A lady of distinction has recently caused to be published in England a book entitled "Summer and Winter in Norway," which the following extract, presenting a description of an animated winter scene, has been taken.
"When the winter so long expected at last arrived, the sky was as black as ink; it blew a gale of wind from the north; not a dog was to be seen in the streets, and the occasional carrying away of the shutters that had been put up to protect the shop-windows showed how strong the wind was. In a short time the snow followed—not as English snow falls, in a soft sprinkle, but so thick and so close that it was like a sheet suspended before the window, hiding everything from sight. This continued more or less for two days, and then the sky cleared and the sun shone out as bright as ever, but on a white world, and we are told that winter had arrived, and that the snow was down for the year.

As the ice was now covered with snow, the skating club opened its operations. Men and horses were constantly at work plying the handy little machine for throwing off the snow, which, if allowed to lie, rots the ice, till they had cleared about the space of two large fields, which they flooded at sundown by means of little pipes, with fresh water, which froze and became an unblemished sheet of ice.

The Skating Club is to Christians, what Rotten Row is to London. It has its fashionable hours—from twelve to two o'clock—when the dandies may be seen performing figures of eight on the outer edge, and helping the ungainly and spasmodic movements of English beginners. Like Rotten Row, it also has its unfashionable time—from two to four o'clock—when its devotees seem to avoid it like a pestilence, and its hours for the town-folk, who, when their work is over, saunter forth to skate by moon or torch light, and when they depart, more fresh water is poured over the cut-up-ice, which appears the next day in renewed youth.

Now the snow-plover appeared in the streets, to enable traffic to be resumed. It was a giant machine, drawn by ten horses, covered with bells, and accompanied by men and boys, who helped the horses up when they fell in the snow, which was knee-deep. As the plow passed along it left a hard, smooth surface of beaten snow, the snow it had thrust away forming a wall on either side, which was subsequently carried off on sledges. The same process in miniature clears the footways, and before noon the streets were arranged to perfection. The effect of everything dazzling white was at first beautiful; but it did not last long, as the constant traffic soon dirties the snow, when it looks like an ordinary road.

Everything was now on sledges; people, instead of carrying their loads, put them on small rollers, or runners, and pulled them along by a string. It was extremely cold—twenty degrees below freezing point. The ladies took to hoods and fur boots, and were warned never to wear veils till the cold was over, as the breath turns to ice on the veil, and would freeze the nose without the owner's cognizance. Should this most painful accident occur, and the frozen nose receive a blow, it would chip off like a piece of rhinoceros, and should one venture into a hot room before it was thawed, one would be condemned to carry about a very red and disfigured nose for the rest of one's life.

A Brave and Noble Boy.

The New York Sun gives a brief chapter on the "Heroism of Humble Life," and appends the following touching illustration:

Perhaps the finest of these modern instances occurred two weeks ago on board an English steamer. A little ragged boy aged about nine years was discovered on the fourth day of the outward voyage from Liverpool to New York, and carried before the first mate, whose duty it was to deal with such cases. When questioned as to the object of his being stored away, and who brought him on board, the boy who had a beautiful sunny face, and eyes that looked like the very mirrors of truth, replied that his step-father did it, because he could not afford to keep him, nor to pay his passage out to Halifax, where he had an aunt who is well off, and to whose house he was going. The mate did not believe the story, in spite of the winning face and truthful accents of the boy. He had seen too much of stow-aways to be easily deceived by them, he said; and it was his firm conviction that the boy had been brought on board, and provided with food by the sailors. The little fellow was very roughly handled in consequence. Day by day he was questioned and requested, but always with the same result. He did not know a sailor on board, and his father alone had secreted him, and given him the food which he ate.

At last the mate, wearied by the boy's persistence in the same story, and perhaps a little anxious to exculpate the sailors, seized him one day by the collar, and dragging him to the fore, told him that unless he confessed the truth in ten minutes from that time he would hang him on the yard arm. He then made him sit down under it on the deck. All around him were the passengers and sailors of the mid-way watch, and in front of him stood the inexorable mate, with his chronometer in his hand, and the other officers of the ship by his side. It was the first sight, says our informant, that he ever beheld, to see the pale, proud, sorrowful face of that noble boy—his head erect, his beautiful eyes bright through the tears that suffused them. When eight minutes had fled, the mate told him that he had but two minutes to live, and advised him to speak the truth and save his life, but he replied, with the utmost simplicity and sincerity, by asking the mate if he might pray.

The mate said nothing, but nodded his head, and turned as pale as a ghost, and shook with trembling like a reed with the wind. And there, all eyes turned on him, this brave and noble little fellow, this poor waif whom society owned not, and whose own step-father could not care for him—there he knelt, with clasped and eyes uplifted to heaven, while he repeated aloud the Lord's Prayer, and prayed the dear Lord Jesus to take him to heaven.

Our informant adds that there then occurred a scene as of Pentecost. Sobbs broke forth strong, hard hearts, as the mate sprang forward to the boy and clasped him to his bosom, and kissed him and blessed him, and told him how sincerely he believed his story, and how glad he was that he had been brave enough to face death and be willing to sacrifice his own for the truth of his own.

WOMEN AS OFFICE-SEEKERS.—The Louisville Courier-Journal says office-seeking seems likely to become very soon as prevalent a vice among young women as it has long been among men. The office modest and virtuous women seek is that of becoming angels of mercy and charity and bestowing good upon suffering humanity. That is woman's proper mission, and a genuine one it is.

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Oyster Saloons
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GEORGE ARTHUR'S.
No. 31, Second st.
I have opened my ice cream saloons this season for OYSTERS, where ladies and gentlemen can sit all hours have them served in any style. You can also get a good cup of tea or coffee, bread and butter, &c. &c. Oysters sold by the dozen and at the lowest market rates.
CHRISTMAS IS COMING!
I have an unusually large and well selected assortment of TOYS, designed expressly for the Christmas trade.
My stock of
is good and nice. **CANDIES** **GEORGE ARTHUR'S.**
FIRE! FIRE! FIREWORKS!
I have just received from New York large and well assorted lots of fireworks for
CHRISTMAS.
some entirely new kinds, never before offered in this place.
A good stock of the best
FIRE CRACKERS
all low for CASH **GEORGE ARTHUR'S.**
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KENTUCKY
PLANING AND FLOORING MILL.
DOORS, SASH AND BLIND
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MAN

MAYSVILLE, KY., APRIL 28, 1899.

AGRICULTURAL.

[From the Country Gentleman.]

SENDING CLOVER AND OTHER GRASSES.—One of the first operations on the farm is sowing clover and other grass seeds on winter grain. This is often done on light soils that come after the old crop is gone. It is much easier to see just where the seed goes, and thus secure a more perfect distribution on a light soil. Where this is not done, it should be sown as soon as the land is dry enough to travel on. Early sowing is generally considered the surest and most successful by good farmers. Hence, when seeding with spring crops, it is very important to get such crops in early for the same reason. The more growth that is secured before the summer heats and droughts come on, the surer the seedling is to do well. The early and excessive heats and drought, the last two seasons, in many sections destroyed or injured, more or less, a large part of the new seedling. So that now there is more than the usual necessity to seed down all the land that is sown to grain and will answer.

The amount of seed will vary in different sections and on different farms in the same section. In many instances, four to six quarts have done well and produced heavy crops. On very rich land, in good cultivation, this is frequently the case. But as the land gets older and more reduced, more seed is needed; then from eight to ten or twelve quarts may be sown to much. On land in good condition, ten quarts—two-thirds clover and one-third timothy—will do well. If the land is not in high condition, twelve quarts may be needed, and in some cases, it is said, half a bushel has been sown to good advantage. Where timothy was sown in the fall, from six to eight quarts of clover should be sown in the spring. On land that is in good condition, part timothy does very well, and those that prefer it for hay will sow a larger portion and sow it in the fall. In such cases it will be the main crop. Other clover for the main crop, because it improves the land, while timothy, being a cereal, is of an exhausting character, like grain. Hence those that wish to improve the soil make clover the main crop, and only sow timothy with it in order to get the land more completely covered and occupied, and to secure a finer quality of hay. The very best hay—especially for milk cows and fattening calves and sheep—in clover, with a good sprinkling of other grasses, grows thick and fine and cut green and well cured. To secure this both should be sown in the spring and heavily seeded.

More land should be seeded down. There is no other course nor practice in American farming that is more important than largely and frequently seeding to clover. Whatever improved farming is desired or attempted, this must be one of the first steps. True, nothing is better than good barnyard manure. But this manure must be made before it can be used, and very few farms can produce all that is needed, unless they are already very rich. When an increase in the amount of manure is desired, there must be an increase in the amount of feed to make it of. For this there is nothing equal to clover. In the ease and small expense with which it may be grown, and in its value for feeding and making manure, there is no other crop equal to clover. These advantages should be enough to induce every farmer to grow and feed all the clover he can make room for. But when it is considered that the land is largely improved while the clover is growing; that where other crops would exhaust the soil and render another dressing of manure necessary, clover, if allowed to make a full growth of hay and seed, would in two years improve the land as much as an ordinary manuring. When these and the other benefits are considered the great advantage of growing clover largely will be seen.

A great deal is well and truly said in regard to the great need of more manure. The exhaustion of large sections of naturally good land and the tendency to and danger of largely injuring all of our best grain lands, are frequently and forcibly pointed out, and the need of more and better manuring largely dwelt on. But the great need of more frequently and heavily seeding to clover, with a view to keep up and improve the fertility of the soil, and save some of the expense of increased manuring, is not so well considered and understood. Not that I object to barnyard manure, or think there is the least danger of going too much, or that if enough could be had, there would be so much need of growing clover. But it is because it is very difficult to provide all the manure needed, that clover should be much more largely grown. For, in fact, all the advantages of the best management and use of both clover and barnyard manure are needed to keep up and improve the condition of most farms.

True, in a few of the older sections of the country the land sometimes refuses to grow clover. In such places it may be well to ascertain whether thorough and deep cultivation, and enriching with barnyard or mineral manures, like lime, plaster or ashes, may not produce clover. But still if these all fail, other grasses may be grown and fed to good advantage. In all cases the great point is to send often and well, and to adapt the seeding to the circumstances. Then by growing and feeding a large amount of forage, making all the manure possible, and always again breaking up while there is a good seed to turn under, there is little danger of running down the farm. Indeed, if all is judiciously arranged and carried out, the land will constantly improve.

In concluding I wish especially to urge the importance of sowing plaster soon after seeding. A bushel to the acre often doubles the crop of clover; and believe there are few sections where it won't pay cost, and often many times over on all grasses.

KEEPING BEES GOOD NATURED.—There is more in this than appears at first sight, and I think that money is made by always attending to it. In the first place, the bees live a good distance apart. I set mine about 12 feet from each other in the rows, and the rows 18 feet apart; this gives a good chance to work at any hive without disturbing the others, and you can also walk about the apiary and not be in the bees way. My bottom boards have cleats 2 by 4 inches, and rest on the ground; it is the handiest place and as well as if raised higher. The hive is protected from sun and rain by a piece of wide board on top, kept in place by a stone. You can now take a hive apart, take off surplus honey boxes, or make artificial swarms, and not disturb any other hive; whereas, if set close together, you might be bothered by half a dozen other swarms, and once irritated they recollect it for some time. Then I find it a good plan to use smoke to keep the hive quiet while at work at it; almost anything answers—cobs, or fine chips or rotten wood; take a small kettle or other dish, make a good smoke, give them some before you commence, and at any time after when needed to

keep their temper down. In taking off boxes a little while will answer, by raising the box a little and blowing it under. There is no necessity of learning to smoke or use tobacco, though they will be quiet longer by using tobacco smoke; but where you have plenty of the other does well enough.

In taking off boxes, I take a bottom board and set it at one side of the hive even with the front; either turn the boxes bottom up or else put small sticks under them, setting them on at one bottom board, and cover with a box or beehive cap, with a small notch in the underside for the bees to get out at. They will run back to their hive without flying. By chattering closely you will find that bees seldom fly till they are twelve days old; consequently, if the box is carried far, many bees will never get back to their own hive, even if they do fly. By this plan, if you take off the boxes in the morning, most of the bees will be out by two o'clock, and all done quietly, and they keep working right along. I once had a swarm that in the heat of the season gave me a twelve pound box full every two days; I keep six on at a time.

In taking off the last boxes after the supply of honey has failed, a slot should be sawed over the slit or notch where the bees come out, to prevent any returning. I have made several kinds, and find but one that is perfect; with it not a bee can get back. I could not describe it plainly without a drawing.

By managing in this way my bees are always good natured, and even a stranger can walk about the yard and not get stung. Also I am not obliged to use a protector of ten—only once the past season—and I usually have my shirt sleeves rolled up when hiving swarms. There is once in a while a very cross swarm in buckwheat time—I cannot account for it.

chuck's Back-Winding Lick at Butler. (Ole Report.)

Now, sir, whatever is offered in this regard brings out, as once before, intimations here on this floor from a certain quarter that there is something wrong, something sinister, some concealed interested motive in what we have done. Some minds are so diseased by corruption that they can not comprehend honesty of purpose in anybody else. I thank God I am not so constituted. I should suspect myself if I so always suspected others. Then again, some persons make their charges openly and boldly, and thus deserve some credit for candor and manfulness at least, though their statements may be false. Others insinuate their lies and slanders by innuendo, and thus add cowardice to falsehood. I care nothing for such men. For such meanness I can give back nothing but scorn. When we stand here proposing the best arrangement that the gentleman composing this committee of conference, certainly the peers of any here, three Senators and three Representatives could make under the circumstances, it is for the House to say whether it will accept or reject their report.

Mr. Logan—I ask the gentleman from Ohio whether he will allow me to ask him a question?

Mr. Schenck—Certainly.

Mr. Logan—I have no feeling of unkindness for the gentleman from Ohio, and I trust he has none toward me; but I wish to ask him whether he alludes to me when he says there are men here who insinuate lies and add cowardice to falsehood.

Mr. Schenck—No sir; not to you.

Mr. Butler, of Massachusetts—I desire to ask the gentleman from Ohio, whether it is not the saying of the Pharisee, "I thank God I am not as other men are?"

Mr. Schenck—I think it possible. Anything hypocritical may have to utter it. I have no doubt, familiar to the member from Massachusetts, whatever form it may take.

Now, sir, I have no further duty to discharge from my part except to submit this report for the action of the House, and in submitting it to say that so far as either by insinuation or by any more direct statement, now or heretofore, imputations are attempted to be cast upon me personally, or upon the Committee of Ways and Means, of which I am a member, or upon this conference committee in connection with what we have done, they are but the conception of a base heart charging others with that of which it feels conscious it is itself capable, and which finds warrant for what is said only in its own propensity for evil and dishonesty.

It is said that nothing of this kind has ever been done except for these whiskey men. Why, sir, we have time and again passed bills and joint resolutions putting off the payment of direct taxes in the South. We have exempted the manufacturers of New England very liberally, and relieved them from taxation. We helped the Boston rail-dealers and exporters, as the member from Massachusetts [Mr. Butler] particularly well knows, from what was conceived to be a hardship in a law that was passed at an early day in the last Congress.

A GOOD OPINION, BUT BAD ADVICE.—Our neighbor of the *World* advises us, instead of seeking a public office, to stick to our profession, which it is graciously pleased to say we adorn, and to our vellecity.

We are much obliged to our neighbor for his favorable opinion, which we esteem as a high compliment. But as to the advice, we do not see the wisdom of it. Stick to our vellecity! That is the very thing we have been doing; whereas there is every reason to believe that if we had sent the vellecity to General Grant, we should have got the office.—N. Y. Sun.

The Ohio and Mississippi Railroad Company discharged fifty men, at Vincennes, Monday night. It appears that the Erie has failed to fulfill its pledges, and the Ohio and Mississippi is involved in loss and disaster. A general sweep is being made along the whole line, to curtail expenses, and they are talking "narrow gauge" again.

A sportsman in Paris has opened an office for advising inexperienced young men in regard to so-called affairs of honor. He teaches them for fifty francs how to insult their adversaries in the most genteel manner, and how to resent efforts so as to render a duel inevitable. He instructs them also in all matters regarding duels and challenges. He is well patronized.

LORD PALMERSTON is reported to have given the following advice: "If the man who was married once, and had the good fortune to bury his wife, is fool enough to marry again, by all means let him marry his deceased wife's sister; as then at any rate he will only be afflicted with one mother-in-law."

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Or will be taken back at my expense forward and back. Try it and save your money.

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A splendid assortment of castors, pitchers, coffee and tea sets, sugar bowls, cream pitchers, molasses cans, spittoons, mugs, candlesticks, spoons, forks, knives, ladles, tea sets, commodes, sets, tea sets, etc., etc., and all kinds of silver and silver-plated ware.

300 Coal Oil Lamps and Chandeliers, or churches, parlors, bedrooms, hall and kitchen Chimneys, globes, paper shades, wicks, burners, and pure coal oil.

100 Pair Flower Vases, all styles, from thirty cents to seventy-five dollars a pair. Tea trays and waiters, all styles, silver and silver-plated, and all kinds of silver and silver-plated ware, cut glass, and all kinds of glassware.

LOWEST CINCINNATI PRICES, FOR CASH!

R. ALBERT'S China Palace.

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35 EAST SECOND STREET.

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FURNISHING GOODS!

CARPETS:

brussels, three-ply, two-ply, hemp stair carpets, carved lining, floor, stair and table cloths, matting, rugs, and door mats, buggy mats.

A beautiful and large assortment of

WINDOW SHADES AND FIXTURES,

Curtains and curtain goods,

GILT CORNICES,

TABLE AND PIANO COVERS,

REDSPREADS,

TOWELS AND NAPKINS,

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and an elegant assortment of

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VERY CHEAP FOR CASH.

GOLD & SILVER WATCHES, AND CHAINS

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Second street,

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STRIKING & SONS' CHAS. M. STRIPP'S GROVENSTEIN & CO., and other makes of Pianos, at a

Reduction of \$25 to \$100

Off Cincinnati prices.

Full seven-octave Pianos, in fine rosewood cases, overstrung scale, guaranteed at \$300, \$325, \$350, \$375, \$400, \$425, \$450, \$475, \$500, \$525, \$550, \$575, \$600, \$625, \$650, \$675, \$700, \$725, \$750, \$775, \$800, \$825, \$850, \$875, \$900, \$925, \$950, \$975, \$1,000, \$1,025, \$1,050, \$1,075, \$1,100, \$1,125, \$1,150, \$1,175, \$1,200, \$1,225, \$1,250, \$1,275, \$1,300, \$1,325, \$1,350, \$1,375, \$1,400, \$1,425, \$1,450, \$1,475, \$1,500, \$1,525, \$1,550, \$1,575, \$1,600, \$1,625, \$1,650, \$1,675, \$1,700, \$1,725, \$1,750, \$1,775, \$1,800, \$1,825, \$1,850, \$1,875, \$1,900, \$1,925, \$1,950, \$1,975, \$2,000, \$2,025, \$2,050, \$2,075, \$2,100, \$2,125, \$2,150, \$2,175, \$2,200, \$2,225, \$2,250, \$2,275, \$2,300, \$2,325, \$2,350, \$2,375, \$2,400, \$2,425, \$2,450, \$2,475, \$2,500, \$2,525, \$2,550, \$2,575, \$2,600, \$2,625, \$2,650, \$2,675, \$2,700, \$2,725, \$2,750, \$2,775, \$2,800, \$2,825, \$2,850, \$2,875, \$2,900, \$2,925, \$2,950, \$2,975, 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\$5,775, \$5,800, \$5,825, \$5,850, \$5,875, \$5,900, \$5,925, \$5,950, \$5,975, \$6,000, \$6,025, \$6,050, \$6,075, \$6,100, \$6,125, \$6,150, \$6,175, \$6,200, \$6,225, \$6,250, \$6,275, \$6,300, \$6,325, \$6,350, \$6,375, \$6,400, \$6,425, \$6,450, \$6,475, \$6,500, \$6,525, \$6,550, \$6,575, \$6,600, \$6,625, \$6,650, \$6,675, \$6,700, \$6,725, \$6,750, \$6,775, \$6,800, \$6,825, \$6,850, \$6,875, \$6,900, \$6,925, \$6,950, \$6,975, \$7,000, \$7,025, \$7,050, \$7,075, \$7,100, \$7,125, \$7,150, \$7,175, \$7,200, \$7,225, \$7,250, \$7,275, \$7,300, \$7,325, \$7,350, \$7,375, \$7,400, \$7,425, \$7,450, \$7,475, \$7,500, \$7,525, \$7,550, \$7,575, \$7,600, \$7,625, \$7,650, \$7,675, \$7,700, \$7,725, \$7,750, \$7,775, \$7,800, \$7,825, \$7,850, \$7,875, \$7,900, \$7,925, \$7,950, \$7,975, \$8,000, \$8,025, \$8,050, \$8,075, \$8,100, \$8,125, \$8,150, \$8,175, \$8,200, \$8,225, \$8,250, \$8,275, \$8,300, \$8,325, \$8,350, \$8,375, \$8,400, \$8,425, \$8,450, \$8,475, \$8,500, \$8,525, \$8,550, \$8,575, \$8,600, \$8,625, \$8,650, \$8,675, \$8,700, \$8,725, \$8,750, \$8,775, \$8,800, \$8,825, \$8,850, \$8,875, \$8,900, \$8,925, \$8,950, \$8,975, \$9,000, \$9,025, \$9,050, \$9,075, \$9,100, \$9,125, \$9,150, \$9,175, \$9,200, \$9,225, \$9,250, \$9,275, \$9,300, \$9,325, \$9,350, \$9,375, \$9,400, \$9,425, \$9,450, \$9,475, \$9,500, \$9,525, \$9,550, \$9,575, \$9,600, \$9,625, \$9,650, \$9,675, \$9,700, \$9,725, \$9,750, \$9,775, \$9,800, \$9,825, \$9,850, \$9,875, \$9,900, \$9,925, \$9,950, \$9,975, \$10,000, \$10,025, \$10,050, \$10,075, \$10,100, \$10,125, \$10,150, \$10,175, \$10,200, \$10,225, \$10,250, \$10,275, \$10,300, \$10,325, \$10,350, \$10,375, \$10,400, \$10,425, \$10,450, \$10,475, \$10,500, \$10,525, \$10,550, \$10,575, \$10,600, \$10,625, \$10,650, \$10,675, \$10,700, \$10,725, \$10,750, \$10,775, \$10,800, \$10,825, \$10,850, \$10,875, \$10,900, \$10,925, \$10,950, \$10,975, \$11,000, \$11,025, \$11,050, \$11,075, \$11,100, \$11,125, \$11,150, \$11,175, \$11,200, \$11,225, \$11,250, \$11,275, \$11,300, \$11,325, \$11,350, \$11,375, \$11,400, \$11,425, \$11,450, \$11,475, \$11,500, \$11,525, \$11,550, \$11,575, \$11,600, \$11,625, \$11,650, \$11,675, \$11,700, \$11,725, \$11,750, \$11,775, \$11,800, \$11,825, \$11,850, \$11,875, \$11,900, \$11,925, \$11,950, \$11,975, \$12,000, \$12,025, \$12,050, \$12,075, \$12,100, \$12,125, \$12,150, \$12,175, \$12,200, \$12,225, \$12,250, \$12,275, \$12,300, \$12,325, \$12,350, \$12,375, \$12,400, \$12,425, \$12,450, \$12,475, \$12,500, \$12,525, \$12,550, \$12,575, \$12,600, \$12,625, \$12,650, \$12,675, \$12,700, \$12,725, \$12,750, \$12,775, \$12,800, \$12,825, \$12,850, \$12,875, \$12,900, \$12,925, \$12,950, \$12,975, \$13,000, \$13,025, \$13,050, \$13,075, \$13,100, \$13,125, \$13,150, \$13,175, \$13,200, \$13,225, \$13,250, \$13,275, \$13,300, \$13,325, \$13,350, \$13,375, \$13,400, \$13,425, \$13,450, \$13,475, \$13,500, \$13,525, \$13,550, \$13,575, \$13,600, \$13,625, \$13,650, \$13,675, \$13,700, \$13,725, \$13,750, \$13,775, \$13,800, \$13,825, \$13,850, \$13,875, \$13,900, \$13,925, \$13,950, \$13,975, \$14,000, \$14,025, \$14,050, \$14,075, \$14,100, \$14,125, \$14,150, \$14,175, \$14,200, \$14,225, \$14,250, \$14,275, \$14,300, \$14,325, \$14,350, \$14,375, \$14,400, \$14,425, \$14,450, \$14,475, \$14,500, \$14,525, \$14,550, \$14,575, \$14,600, \$14,625, \$14,650, \$14,675, \$14,700, \$14,725, \$14,750, \$14,775, \$14,800, \$14,825, \$14,850, \$14,875, \$14,900, \$14,925, \$14,950, \$14,975, \$15,000, \$15,025, \$15,050, \$15,075, \$15,100, \$15,125, \$15,150, \$15,175, \$15,200, \$15,225, \$15,250, \$15,275, \$15,300, \$15,325, \$15,350, \$15,375, \$15,400, \$15,425, \$15,450, \$15,475, \$15,500, \$15,525, \$15,550, \$15,575, \$15,600, \$15,625, \$15,650, \$15,675, \$15,700, \$15,725, \$15,750, \$15,775, \$15,800, \$15,825, \$15,850, \$15,875, \$15,900, \$15,925, \$15,950, \$15,975, \$16,000, \$16,025, \$16,050, \$16,075, \$16,100, \$16,125, \$16,150, \$16,175, \$16,200, \$16,225, \$16,250, \$16,275, \$16,300, \$16,325, \$16,350, \$16,375, \$16,400, \$16,425, \$16,450, \$16,475, \$16,500, \$16,525, \$16,550, \$16,575, \$16,600, \$16,625, \$16,650, \$16,675, \$16,700, \$16,725, \$16,750, \$16,775, \$16,800, \$16,825, \$16,850, \$16,875, \$16,900, \$16,925, \$16,950, \$16,975, \$17,000, \$17,025, \$17,050, \$17,075, \$17,100, \$17,125, \$17,150, \$17,175, \$17,200, \$17,225, \$17,250, \$17,275, \$17,300, \$17,325, \$17,350, \$17,375, \$17,400, \$17,425, \$17,450, \$17,475, \$17,500, \$17,525, \$17,550, \$17,575, \$17,600, \$17,625, \$17,650, \$17,675, \$17,700, \$17,725, \$17,750, \$17,775, \$17,800, \$17,825, \$17,850, \$17,875, \$17,900, \$17,925, \$17,950, \$17,975, \$18,000, \$18,025, \$18,050, \$18,075, \$18,100, \$18,125, \$18,150, \$18,175, \$18,200, \$18,225, \$18,250, \$18,275, \$18,300, \$18,325, \$18,350, \$18,375, \$18,400, \$18,425, \$18,450, \$18,475, \$18,500, \$18,525, \$18,550, \$18,575, \$18,600, \$18,625, \$18,650, \$18,675, \$18,700, \$18,725, \$18,750, \$1